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LIFE'S PURPOSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"For I am willing both to spend and to be spent."
"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit,
serving the Lord."

"Spend and be spent for others' sake!"
When once this joy is known,
T'were hard its sweetness to forsake
And live for self alone.

Not mine, alas! to have attained
Such loftiness of soul;
But thicker still my steps would tend
As to their distant goal.

Thus sometimes 'neath eternal Rome,
One who has dared too far,
Lost in some endless catacomb,
Beholds a glimmering star;

And presses on with eager eyes,
Still toward that pale, dim ray,
For there he knows the portal lies
To broad and glorious day.

Thou, who hast bid its radiance shine,
In mercy grant us too,
A lost and wandering child of Thine,
To keep this light in view.

To note it still less far before,
To watch it grow for aye,
The light that shineth more and more
Unto the perfect day."

JULIA S. TUTWILER.

PRIVATE DUKE MORRISON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY J. ALLEN.

"Confound it! It's too bad that I must leave half my men here to guard this handful of Yankee prisoners, just when I need every man that I can muster to go on this expedition!" and the young Confederate officer, Captain Dane of the 1st Mississippi Cavalry, C. S. A., beat an impatient tattoo upon the pavement with his spurred boot, as he glanced at the jail-like building where a dozen Federal soldiers, captured in a fight the day before, were confined.

A dozen tired, hungry men, some of them wounded, their uniform dusty and blood-stained, all sad and discouraged. I said "all," but there was one man among them to whom that word "discouraged" would hardly apply as he sat there, a little apart from the rest, his back against the wall, one hand supporting his head—a kindly head, the dark hair closely trimmed army-fashion, and a look of cool determination in the resolute, sun-browned face.

He wore no insignia of military rank—no straps upon his shoulders, not even the chevrons of a sergeant upon his sleeve. He was not entitled to wear anything of the kind, for he was only a private, on the muster-roll of his company, "Private Duke Morrison."

He sat there quietly enough, though he must have suffered intensely, for there was a ghastly looking sore on his shoulder, and no surgeon had arrived to dress the wounds of those men, though twelve hours had elapsed since they had been brought by railway to that little town in the interior for safekeeping. But Duke Morrison was too proud to complain, though every breath he drew was keen torture; and in the face of this stubborn endurance the rest were ashamed to make much ado over their own sufferings, which were severe enough, poor fellows!

Captain Dane had said to them, with real regret in his voice, and something very like admiring approval in his black eyes—being a soldier himself he could understand and appreciate the grim pride that forbade complaint in the presence of enemies—

"I'm truly sorry that I can't get medical help for you at once. Our surgeons are all at a distance—but I shall do the best I can for you. I have sent for two physicians, who live some miles from here and understand surgery tolerably well."

There was a ray of comfort in this, but it had died out as the hours wore on and no help arrived.

"If I could only think of some way to get over the difficulty," said Captain Dane, thoughtfully, stroking his mustache.

"Draw them up in line, captain, and shoot them as they deserve," suggested the second lieutenant of the company, a sort of gentlemanly ruffian, who had obtained his commission more by family influence than any fitness he had ever been known to exhibit for the office.

Captain Dane gave his subordinate a look that somewhat abashed the fellow.

"We are not savages, Lieutenant Montroy, and don't murder prisoners of war in cold blood."

Lieutenant Montroy touched his cap and withdrew, muttering something as he went about "Not being so very particular about what became of the Yankee dogs."

"What was that you were saying about murdering prisoners of war?" inquired an old gentleman, who had just descended from a carriage and was now shaking hands with the Confederate captain.

"You here, father? I'm very glad indeed to see you." And then the young man repeated the remark of which the older had heard a part, and also the question he was in with regard to the captured Federal, and the pressing necessity that all of his own men should be ready to start with him at sundown.

Judge Dane considered a little.

"You might quarter your prisoners on some of the families in the neighborhood. There are twelve of them, you say. It would be easy to find that many men who could be trusted to take care of these fellows till you could spare time to make some other arrangement. I will be responsible for one of them."

This suggestion and offer were acted upon immediately. It was not difficult, as Judge Dane had said, to find responsible persons, true citizens of the Confederacy, who were willing to take charge of the prisoners for as long a time as Captain Dane might find necessary. By the middle of the afternoon they were all billeted, much to that officer's relief, and Duke Morrison entered Judge Dane's carriage, the rebel captain having assigned him to his father's care.

The prisoner had said, "I must tell you in advance, sir, that I shall embrace the first opportunity that presents itself for escape."

"That's plain and fair, Mr. Morrison—and I like a fair understanding between man and man. I shall take care that no such opportunity as you speak of presents itself," replied the judge, secretly thinking as he noticed the young soldier's flushed face, and laid his fingers on the pulse, bounding now with fever, that it would not be strange if the brave spirit were compelled to succumb to a power mightier than the Southern Confederacy.

"I shall have a physician to see you as soon as I reach home. That wound has been neglected so long that you are in for a fever, I'm afraid. Mac has had men scouring the country for medical help, but the physicians declined to come because—"

The judge hesitated.

"Because we were Yankee soldiers! And you call that chivalry, I suppose," retorted Duke, with indignant emphasis.

"No, I don't," testily. "A true-born Southerner scorns such pettiness as that."

Duke Morrison did not reply—only leaned his head back wearily against the cushions, and the carriage rolled swiftly on over the four miles of level, dusty road, that intervened between the town and Dalton, Judge Dane's residence; turning at last into a shaded lane, and from that into a winding carriage-way, which ended at the house, a large building with wide, cool piazzas and lovely hanging balconies—the whole standing in a sea of greenery.

All was still save the tinkling of a piano. That ceased as they approached, and a woman came down the steps—a lovely woman, clad in a dress of some misty, cloud-like stuff that swayed and floated as she walked. A gold bracelet clasped one round arm—the only ornament she wore save a knot of ribbons on her breast, the rebel white and red: "White as our honor, red as the heart's blood of our enemies."

She came floating down the steps in her graceful way, but stopped as she became aware that her father was not alone, and the bloom and brightness went out of her face as she caught sight of the detested Federal uniform, for Miss Myra Dane was a consistent rebel, and hated the Northern troops with a very cordial and sincere hatred.

With the instinct of a gentleman, Duke Morrison lifted his hat. The salutation was responded to with lady-like grace, but the glance which met his own was so manifestly unfriendly that he colored, with a sense of having intruded—against his will, to be sure—into a place where he was not by any means welcome.

There were no obtrusive manifestations of dislike, however, none of that ridiculous pantomime which some Southern women affected in order to show their hatred and contempt for "Lincoln hirelings"; no curling of red lips or hasty withdrawal of dainty skirts from possible contact with the soiled uniform of the soldier. Myra Dane was a lady, and, being one, could not descend to be rude even to an enemy; and an enemy Duke Morrison was in her eyes, an enemy and a dangerous one.

She looked on very quietly while two of the servants assisted him out of the carriage and into the house; for by this time he was quite unable to stand. He tried to steady himself and walk without help, but objects grew dim and indistinct before his eyes; the servants, the furniture, the white-haired judge and his beautiful daughter seemed revolving about him; then came total unconsciousness; and an hour later he was delirious.

"A fine-looking fellow," muttered the old doctor, as he deftly dressed the wound that, neglected, had brought on this raging fever. Talks and appears like a gentleman, too. Wonder how he ever came to be in the ranks."

"I don't know," responded the judge, who was himself wondering what assistance he could. "Mac says he fought like a tiger."

"Yes, anybody would know that from this," touching the firm mouth and square chin of the unconscious man.

The judge nodded.

"It seems that he was one of a squad of picked men sent down here under the com-

mand of a lieutenant to learn what they could about the disposition and strength of our forces. They did find out something which that Yankee General S— would be glad to know; but, as good luck would have it, Mac found out what they were up to, and smart as the lieutenant thought himself, surrounded him before he knew it. Of course it was madness for them to hold out when the odds were six to one against them, but they did it. This Duke Morrison took command after the lieutenant fell, and tried to cut a way out for his men, but couldn't do that, and they finally surrendered, what there was left of them. The information they paid so dear to obtain will never do General S— any good."

"You will have to keep a sharp lookout when this young man—Morrison, did you call him?—gets well. He'll be sure to make an effort to escape and make his information available after all."

"Trust me for that. You think he will get well?"

"Yes, certainly. With his good constitution there's nothing to hinder."

Doctor Sutton's prediction was verified—his predictions generally were, by the way—and at the end of four days Duke Morrison returned to consciousness.

He awoke to find himself in a large, airy chamber pleasantly furnished. A soft wind coming in through the open window swept refreshingly across his forehead, bearing a faint, dill-don perfume from the wilderness of blooming plants below. Everything in and about the room was fresh and sweet and comfortable, from the sheer muslin curtains at the windows and the snowy drapery of the bed to the cup of scented violets on the toilet-table, and the half-drawn chaise engravings upon the walls.

At the moment of waking he had thought himself alone, but presently a voice broke the quiet—a woman's voice, touched with the barbaric accent, and the strange sweetness, that are the heritage of the down-trodden children of Africa. The words were spoken very low, but in the silence that reigned there every word was distinctly audible to the man in whose behalf that brief petition was uttered.

"Oh, Hebbely Marster, bress de Linkum sogers. God bress dis soger. If he hab a madder 'way up Norf who is watchin' an' waitin' fur her boy an' grievin', mebbe, tinkin' him dead, Lawd remember her. If he hab a wife an' little chillun comfort dem. Bress an' comfort all dat love him."

The soldier's lips trembled, and he turned his face to the wall—the quick impulse of a man who rarely yields to emotion. He need not. The petitioner was unconscious that any ear, save that One which is always open to the voice of supplication, heard her words.

"Lawd, make dis soger well an' strong agin. Help him to 'scape from de Phillistines that stan' 'roun' him on every side. Put de streng' in his arm an' de faith in his soul, an' help him to get back to de friens' dat love him an' de country dat needs him."

"An' oh, Lor' hear de prayers of us pore niggers, an' do oh, God, giv de victory to de Union, an' put an en' to dis hyar wicked rebellion. Fur de name an' sake of de blessed Jesus."

"Amen," responded Duke Morrison, fervently.

The woman got up off her knees and came to the bedside, the tears streaming down her wrinkled, black cheeks.

"It was kind in you to pray for me. I hope you will do it often."

"I will, marster, I will," with a burst of sob. "An' my ole man, too. We've been waitin' an' waitin' for de Union sogers to come. You is de first one we've seen yet. De res' is comin', ain't dey, marster?"

"Yes, they are coming—but slowly. The rebels are strong."

The old woman stood still, looking out through the open window toward the far North, murmuring slowly, "Dey is comin'. Surely comin'." Was she listening for the roll of victorious drums, for the tread of armed men, whose coming was to be the signal of freedom to waiting thousands?

Duke Morrison wondered if this was so, looking at her rapt face and dark eyes with their wistful, solemn outlook. This woman was very old. What if she should die before the Union soldiers came? What if, like Moses, she should come so near to the borders of the Promised Land, within sight of the long-looked-for and long hoped-for Canaan, and yet be not permitted to enter in?

Her next words answered his thoughts.

"If I am called before dey come I shall know dat my chillun will have de blessing. An' Heaven is better den freedom here."

The soldier put out his hand. He was an earnest man, given to thinking deeply upon subjects which the majority of people pass lightly over, but he had never before realized how terribly real the war was to this oppressed race, bound in the iron bonds of servitude, longing with an unutterable longing for freedom, hoping and praying for the success of the Union arms and the overthrow of the rebellion.

Duke Morrison was not a New Englander with abolitionism inherent in his blood. His currents had always run cool on the subject which has set the hearts of thousands aflame with indignation, and aroused hot disputes and fierce contentions. But with him it could never be so

again. He had got a glimpse at the inner, hidden life of that great clan of which so very, very little has ever actually been known at the North; and he sympathized with them as he had never done in all his life before.

Seated just outside the French window, on the balcony with a book in her lap, Myra Dane had heard every word of this conversation, though neither Duke Morrison nor the nurse suspected it. But the nurse—for it was a nurse, which, if exposed, would have brought prompt punishment on the old slave woman, and annoying surveillance upon the prisoner—could not have been in such hands; and after awhile when the soldier had again fallen asleep, and Aunt Aggy was off duty for a moment, the young lady passed through the room to the hall beyond, pausing an instant, as she went, at the bedside of the sleeper.

"Poor fellow! He has friends at home who love him. What if it was Mac, a prisoner in the hands of the Federals?"

That very night she dreamed that Mac was a prisoner in the hands of the Federals and condemned to be shot as a spy. She seemed to hear the very words of the sentence passed upon him: "Captain Macgregor Dane of the Confederate states army, convicted of being a spy, shall be shot dead," and awoke with a numbness about her heart and the cold damp of mortal terror on her face. Perhaps it was the recollection of this dream, and the thought of how some one in a far-off Northern home would suffer if anything happened to Duke Morrison that made her so gentle to him after that.

He convalesced rapidly, and a week later, when Captain Mac came home for a hasty visit, was able to go down and spend several hours in the parlor.

The young Confederate captain was a gentle, companionable man, and the two, so nearly alike in age and mental culture, in knowledge of the world and social address, but so far apart in their views of the great national struggle, and the duties growing out of that struggle, fell into easy, pleasant talk.

They talked of books and art, of agriculture, of Europe and European politics, of everything but the one subject which was uppermost in the thoughts of both—the war. That came up after awhile, and a spirited discussion ensued into which one after another of the little party was gradually drawn; the judge, with his quick decision of speech and manner, Mrs. Dane, calm and gracious, but very much in earnest for all that; even Myra to whom many of the ideas advanced by the young Northerner were entirely new, for it was not often that she heard a radical Unionist express his sentiments.

Duke Morrison did, however, and the cool persistency with which he maintained his ground had a certain charm for the girl. She could never think as he did, never, but she did wish that he was not quite so firmly convinced that the South was in the wrong. He would have made such a splendid Confederate officer—this brave, resolute man, who expressed his opinions so clearly and forcibly, and yet so courteously, without, that even the judge, very irascible at times, and especially so on the subject of "States Rights," kept his temper remarkably well, only saying toward the close:

"I see, Mr. Morrison, that you have plenty of New England persistency."

To be sure, New England persistency, when translated into the original vulgar, meant nothing more nor less than Yankee obstinacy. Duke Morrison said as much, adding, with a smile, "The truth is, sir, I have labored so long under the impression that black was black, that I find it difficult to believe it white."

After Captain Dane went away, the topic was not dropped. It came up every day, almost. As the judge said: "He liked to talk with a man who compelled him to do his best under penalty of being worsted in the argument," which was one of the highest compliments Judge Dane ever paid any man in the course of his life.

Myra was often present while they talked, but after that first evening she never took part in their discussions. She liked much better to be a listener. As I told you, it was not often that she heard a radical Union man express his sentiments, and most of the facts adduced and the ideas presented on the Northern side of the question were absolutely new to her.

Duke Morrison was a fine talker, and, as I said, an earnest man; and I think it was this intense earnestness that attracted Myra so powerfully, and made her ready to believe him when he said, with a little accent of indignation, "Our men are neither cowards nor brawling braggarts, nor hirelings, as they are continually represented to be here."

Gradually as the mists of error and prejudice were swept away, she came to view the great struggle in its true light; to understand the principles that guided, and the purposes that animated the North, and to see how boy-does it must be to wage war against might and right combined, in a Government the like of which the world has never before seen—a Government upheld by a great and united people, as firm and courageous and no whit less disinterested than those who have taken up arms against it, and arrogated to themselves the title of the "Chivalry" of the land.

Lincoln hirelings! Myra's face flushed as she remembered how she had once thought the name well applied. Why, here was a man

whose very presence in her father's house, seated the slender, a son of her mother and generous father, who had left a honorable home, and all the home ties and social pleasures which such men love, to fight as a common soldier in the ranks. How was his home and dearest of purposes worthy of the fate of such hirelings?

If Judge Dane had known of this change in his daughter's feelings—but he never suspected, and it was as well, perhaps, that he did not.

And one afternoon, when the judge and Miss Dane had gone to take tea in a modest way at a neighbor's, and Myra was left to play house for awhile and amuse herself, Mr. Morrison, who glided in and stood before him, as he sat reading, clad in the selfsame dress she had seen that day when he first saw her, but the knot of red and white ribbon on her breast was crossed with blue.

The soldier took in its significance at once. He came forward and took her hands, smiling down upon her with a glad, triumphant light in his eyes. Her heart throbbed almost painfully under the tri-colored badge. She drew her hands away, and sat down in the place, and once again the walls of that sunlit room opened to the time, unaltered there for two years, of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Duke Morrison held his breath as he listened. He had not thought to hear these words again till he heard them inside the Federal lines.

"And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Listening to the words, true prophecy of what would one day surely be, he could almost believe himself free again. Free! No man knows what that word means until he has been deprived of his liberty. Duke Morrison felt that he had never realized all it meant until the past four weeks.

He was a prisoner—his captivity softened by many pleasant surroundings, and the thousand nameless courtesies of refined, social life—but a prisoner for all that, bearing about with him, sleeping or waking, by night and by day, an ever-present consciousness of this.

Judge Dane, like thousands of other men at the South, honestly believed that his first and highest duty was to the Confederacy. In his opinion all purely personal and private interests were subsidiary to the more important interests of the government to which he had pledged faith and allegiance. He had given his word to the military authorities that "Private Duke Morrison, prisoner of war," should be strictly watched while in his care, and on no account be permitted to escape. Duke Morrison knew that the stern old man meant to redeem this promise to the letter, and to do so would not hesitate, in case of emergency, to sacrifice the life of one whose escape to the Union lines, with the information he possessed, could not fail to work disaster to the Confederate cause in that part of the country.

But he did not despair.

Plan after plan he made for escape, only to see each one frustrated, at the last moment, by some apparently trivial circumstance. I say "apparently," for he was astute enough to guess that there was no such thing as accident in the case at all, and rightly attributed the failure of all his schemes to a watchfulness as untiring as his own. His enemy had this advantage, too, that whereas he from his very position there stood practically alone, absolutely dependent on his own shrewdness and what little assistance some of the negroes might be able to render him—which was very little indeed, as they had failed so often that they began to believe their master ubiquitous, and to think in a discouraged way that "Marster Morrison would have to wait till de res' of de Linkum sogers come get down hyar," while Judge Dane, as "Lord of the manor," had spies in every direction, patrols on every road leading from the plantation.

It was an anomalous position, certainly. Treated as an equal, with all due courtesy and attention to the rights of hospitality, and yet so closely guarded that there seemed no earthly chance for escape; mingling with the family in polite, social intercourse during the day, and giving up his nights to the study of ways and means whereby to evade the eternal watch and ward kept upon him. So the days and weeks went slowly by, and still he was a prisoner.

He had never asked Miss Dane to help him. It was not that he doubted her, for he did not, but he felt that it would be hardly honorable to involve her, a weak woman, in any difficulties on his account. Among the people who surrounded him daily, and the guests who came and went, refined, well-bred people, but earnest rebels all of them, he felt that he had but one true friend—Myra. And as time passed on he grew confidential—told her of his hopes and plans—that is, those that lay beyond the bounds of the Southern Confederacy; of his home at the North; of his father, and mother, and sisters; last, of a little girl who was waiting for him; led into telling her all this by her ready sympathy and cordial interest in all that interested him. And one day he showed her a picture of "the little girl who was waiting for him."

This fair face smiling up at him from the case was not more beautiful than the one bending over it; but it was very, very different—how

Life with his head frequently drawn to one side. I have thought of him a hundred times since, when I have seen women living through years and years with half their nature cut through and dried away, leaving the other half, more painfully distorted than that miserable man's throat, to carry on all the functions of life alone. I have had a girl go out of my school with a spirit like a young eagle, and a face like the drawing of a Jesus, to come back in a half year, a silent, red-eyed woman, carrying about her night and day the shadow of a murdered hope, and "a soul from which the shadow is never lifted." It was "an innocent flirtation."

I lately picked up an ancient newspaper, five months old, whose Washington correspondent devoted a column to the trial of Mary Harris, cackling as only sensation newspaper correspondents can, against the verdict acquitting her. Among his ending paragraphs is this:

"Had she quietly lived down her sorrow, like a sensible girl, in time she might have become the wife of a far better man."

I don't wish that newspaper correspondent any harm. I do not hope that he may be blessed with the evil eye, nor blessed with learning in Kentucky Petroleum Stock; and God forbid that I should wish one more maiden's heart broken. But I do hope when that newspaper man marries that his wife will be a woman who has "lived down her sorrow."

"I have known these women who have 'lived down' sorrow. In my capacity of paying old maid, it has come to me to know the private history of dozens of them, married and single. Married, they are the smiling, the serene, the wives, whose husbands spend their evenings away from home, and most of all the wives whose names appear in divorce courts. Single, when nothing worse, they are society's sheep-essed, long-tongued gossips, pointed at in disquietude as having been once upon a time 'disappointed in love.' (Thank goodness, nobody ever said it of me!) I'd rather the woman down, mentally, who dared tell me so."

And I have drawn no fancy picture. I speak the things whereof I know, the things whereof any one may know who will look into the green-room of society. Draw the curtain and look behind it yourself, if you would find out whether I tell the truth.

Newspaper correspondent, wouldn't you like for a wife a woman who has "lived down her sorrow"? I hope you'll get her. I hope the same will likewise happen to every surviving one of the fifty thousand veteran volunteers in the army of masculine flirts!

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY OSIMO.

Hauling by the Horns—A Down-Hill Declivity—South American Civilization—Perils of a Fiasco.

Upon many occasions, during our wanderings to and fro, we had argued with companions, carter, and caravanserai, against the absurd practice of working oxen tied together by a stick across the horns, as is universally the practice all over South America. I am not positive, however, that by our arguments we ever succeeded in converting a single soul of them to the yoke philosophy. But a something singular, triflingly serious, and decidedly laughable, accident that occurred to some of our Buenos Ayres friends one day, accomplished what all our arguments had failed to do.

The cattle of the caravan with which we had one day fallen in company, on our journey towards Cordova, were coupled by the horns, and attached to the monstrous, ox-murdering carts, according to the custom of the country, and as was our custom, we were not long in falling into a dispute with the proprietors about the impropriety and cruelty of the practice.

Don Manuel Turbide, the wealthiest, most influential, and, according to our verdict, the most sensible man of the party, admitted that possibly there might be some better method of bovine attachment, but he didn't believe a yoke was that better way. He had never seen one of the things, and his clearest idea of one was of that rather galling Spanish yoke which the La Platense had thrown off in disgust. He remembered having borne a portion of one end of it himself in earlier life, and he would never inflict such cruelty upon an ox. He thought, perhaps, harness, something like the horse-gears he had seen in Buenos Ayres, might be an improvement upon the horn, stick, and lasso practice; but that great log across an animal's neck—a hard, wooden collar, to choke the poor brute at every step—no, no. A Buenos Ayres was not so hard-hearted as that.

Thus went our arguments until about noon on the third day of our companionship, when we came to a small branch of the Teroiro, running at that point westerly, through a deep valley, the sides of which were uncomfortably steep, rugged, and, in many places, rocky.

The main route of travel bent away to the right, in a wide detour, but a less travelled branch went diagonally down the slope to the northwest, almost directly towards a village something more than two leagues distant, where Don Manuel had a brother-in-law, and several friends, residing. He having decided to visit his relative for two or three days, and join the caravan again at Cordova, at the junction of the two ways, the five great, clumsy wheeled horses of Don Manuel drew out from the long line of vehicles, and took the way to the left.

Having an urgent invitation from the genial, great-hearted old Don, to visit the village and his friends with him, we also left the highway and took to the by the way, which, by the way, was a great deal better suited to our mounted mode of travel than Don Manuel's wheeled one. There had been vehicles along the road—that was self-evident from the ruts, and here and there a wreck, which latter argued nothing in favor of the safety of the road.

We got on very cleverly for, I suppose, about two miles, when we came to another division of the way, a right-hand branch taking abruptly down the hill-side, in a right line towards the town, while the carriage-way continued to wind its tortuous way along the rugged slope, descending by a circuitous, but far more easy grade.

Don Manuel, partly to save time and travel, but a great deal more to convince us that our arguments against an ox being able to hold back in going down hill, when tied to a cart by the horns, was all a mistake, expressed his determination to take to the short cut, and show us something we had never seen.

In spite of all remonstrance, he persisted in going to the right, which he soon discovered was all wrong, but he made good his promise.

He did show us something new. For three hundred yards, perhaps, the mounted guides, right and left, four to each team, managed, by dint of dodging to and fro along the broken line, whirling and swerving, and giving the pushed brains with the usual push of their long shanks, to keep the line tolerably correct. But directly the monstrous, great, lumbering machine, unprovided with lock or brake arrangement, acknowledging no influence but that of gravity, began to acquire momentum and velocity very far beyond all human possibilities.

In every instance, the ten to fifteen passengers—mostly women and children—taking the alarm at the fearful prospect in front, tumbled pell-mell, head over heels, and on often back over head, from front to the rear end of the cart, thus destroying the equipage, the instant consequence of which was, up in air, kicked the monstrous tongue, lifting along with it the poor victims by the horns, their fore legs full three feet from the ground, and away they went on a quadruple gait, actually running a race down hill on their hind legs.

Very soon the carters lost all control of the leaders who having lost all control of themselves, and fearful of being over-run by the great, thundering juggernauts behind them, attempted to shoot off at a tangent from their track, but held by their raw-hide tether, they swung round first under the feet of the blind wheeler who, suspended by the horns, couldn't stumble if they tried, and next, down and in under the ponderous wheels they went, bellowing, floundering, plunging frantically—crash, crash, went bones and flesh, pop went the shell of every horn from the poor wheeler's head, off went the immense vehicles, pointing their great tongues up at an angle of forty-five, dragging their wooden tails, hub-bub, over the rough surface, running a down-hill riot among shattered bullocks, great boulders, and demolished carriages and cabelleros.

One cart was utterly wrecked by coming in contact with a rock, two were capsized over plied-up, prostrate cars, one having spilled out the human portion of its freight, plunged its tongue into the soil, and gradually came to a standstill, while the fifth one ran riot over, and through, and by, all obstacles, until it went some into the stream, entirely submerging its lower structure, and semi-submerging its cargo and passengers.

There were no human lives lost, or bones broken, but many were the bruises and black eyes and bloody noses among the seniors and juniors. As for the slaughtered and crippled cattle, that was a matter of small consideration in a country where a pair of trained oxen could be purchased for nine dollars. The wrecked cart and a day's delay was the most serious part of the whole affair after all.

Don Manuel was converted from the error of his horn practice, and declared that the first thing he said after the catastrophe, that if mechanics could be found in the village and we would please to instruct them, he would resume his journey with joyful ease. We did better than that. We not only assisted the ten carter-petters that he procured, in making very comfortable yokes for all his new teams, but we also fixed most efficient brakes to all his carts, so they could be governed down any grade.

At the bottom of this valley, along the first trail, trolly closer that we had seen anywhere in South America. We had in several instances seen that which was certainly something like a closer so far as it went, but it was always wanting a leaf—a leaf rather. Even this closer of the *Nasuti* was scarcely a member of any of our North American or European families. The general structure of the stock and branches was the same, and the odor of both blossom and foliage was very like our common, red clover. But the leaves were narrow, pointed, and erect as a fern's ear. The flowers were quite twice the size of our red clover blossoms, and a bright, beautiful blue in color.

As it was quite dusk by the time we had cleared the wreck, collected together the women and children, and drawn to dry land the submerged cart, it was determined to pass the night in the neighborhood, instead of attempting to proceed to the town, which was nearly five miles distant. There was not a cover left on one of the carts, except the one that had run itself overboard, and as that and its contents were thoroughly water-soaked, three of us set off to investigate a possible some half a mile or so from the scene of disaster, and ascertain if shelter could be had for the night.

Yes, we could all be accommodated—Spanish-American *posada* fashion—dogs, donkeys, ponies, postillions, women, men, and wheeled carts, all promiscuously mixed in one common apartment, and it occupied by the postmaster and his family of ten all told, into the bargain. A single, dirty, no-floored, unplastered adobe den, thirty feet square, occupied already by some fifteen travellers, male and female, besides the eleven legitimate of the place. However, the den had a roof, and as it was threatening a pampero, we decided upon accepting the conditions. It was only another sample of South American civilization, such as we were something familiar with.

In the course of an hour and a half, we had all housed with the exception of two of our party, who were doing sentinel duty over our equipage, which was packed for the night under an open adobe shed, situated a few rods from the *posada*. With quite eighty persons, of all sizes, shapes, colors, and both sexes, packed in a den of not more than thirty, or, perhaps, thirty-five feet square, one can readily imagine that the population of that particular territory must have been rather uncomfortably dense.

However, everybody seemed to be unusually happy, jovial, jolly, and good-natured, and with the exception of a squabble every five minutes or so among a dozen strange dogs, all tangled up in a trial of teeth, we drifted on into the night, quite harmoniously, until it was nearly midnight, when suddenly in burst our brave, Hibernian officer, who, with Captain Cator, was on guard, roaring lustily:

"I say, inside there. Come out here every soul of ye that's got a gun, or sword, or pistol loaded; here's the murdering rascals, the *Ladrones*, surrounding us. Turn out! Out with ye all!"

And out we went, hurry-scurry, men, women, boys, babies, ponies, and dogs, pouring out of the *posada* into darkness as deep as lower Egypt. Cator was rattling away with his revolver, and shouting all sorts of salt-water blessings on invisible foes; shots came dropping from different directions about the *posada*; two persons were wailing, children screaming, dogs yelping, men rapping out *carambas* / *carabais* / and a good many harder words. Then there was first a low, tremulous moan in the air, then a quivering, blinding flash, a concussion, a terrific, stun-

ning crash—Nasuti's red artillery had buried to the earth its first fearful shot, and the wretched *posada* we had so recently quitted, lay a mass of rubble ruins.

Then the flood-gates above us were opened, and down came such a deluge as no race but sudden in a long life—never anywhere else than in these La Plata pampas regions.

Hardly we thrust the women and children under the shed which contained our gear, and by packing the horses, we managed to find partial shelter for ourselves. The storm continued during the remainder of the night, but drifted away towards daylight, and by sunrise, all was calm, clear and warm.

There by the way of remark, that the night previous had been a pampero, but nowhere was there a trace of the robbers by whom we had been so suddenly attacked, and so signally defended by lightning.

During the day, with assistance procured from the village, we managed to remove the bodies of Don Manuel's and our own effects, and being assisted by the grateful old carter upon his friends, who seemed really delighted by an opportunity of showing any kindness in their power to the friends of Don Manuel Turbide, we passed the three succeeding nights a great deal more agreeably than we had done the one in and near the lightning-wrecked *posada*.

RECIPIENTS THAT NEVER FAIL.—To destroy rats—catch them one by one, and fatten them with a luscious equine.

To kill cockroaches—get a pair of heavy boots, then catch your roaches, put them into a barrel, and then get in yourself and dance.

To catch mice—on going to bed put crumbs in your mouth and lie with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat—bite.

To prevent dogs going mad—out their tails off just behind their ears.

On being told of a surgeon who amputated a lady's arm, and afterwards married her, Nix wondered how she could have got around him so.

A little fellow, not more than five years of age, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true; his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

The father of General Grant being questioned as to the early characteristics of his son, replied: "Never saw him show his grit when a boy, but once, and that was trying to break a vicious colt. It was a tough fight, but the colt had to surrender."

A little boy five years old, while writing under the tutelage of the ages, was told by his mother to rise up, and take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder, powder!" said he, rising upon his elbow, and putting on a roguish smile, "mother, I ain't a gun!"

IMPORTANCE OF HAVING DAVIS PAIN KILLER ALWAYS AT HAND.—*Wonderful Cure of the Rev. D. L. Brayton, Missionary in India, who was stung by a Scorpion.* Extract from his letter, dated Mergul, June 13, and published in the Baptist Missionary Magazine for Dec., 1919: "For the first time since I have been in India, I have been stung by a scorpion. I went out this morning to my exercises, as usual, at early dawn, and having occasion to use an old box, on taking off the cover I put my hand on a scorpion, which immediately resented the insult by thrusting its sting into the palm of my hand. The instantaneous and severe pain which darted through the system is quite incredible; what an awfully virulent poison their sting must contain! I flew to my bottle of 'Davis' Pain Killer,' and found it to be true to its name. The relief was almost as sudden as the pain; after a moment's relief, I saturated a small piece of sponge, bound it on my hand, and went about my exercises, feeling no more particular inconvenience."

BEAUTY—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charmingly delicate and coral colored, the cheeks or lips, we not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for \$1.18. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar-15

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour continues dull. The week's sales only reach some 5000 bbls. at \$7.50 per bushel, \$6.50 for extra \$6.50 for spring wheat, \$6.50 for red, \$6.50 for white, and \$6.50 for white. Buckwheat meal is selling at \$6.50, the 100 lb. bag. GRAIN.—The market for grain is quiet. Wheat is light; sales reach about 50,000 bus at \$1.05, \$1.05 for fair to prime reds, closing at \$1.05, \$1.05 for white, closing at \$1.05, \$1.05, as in quality. Rye is dull, sales at \$1.05 for spring, \$1.05 for red, \$1.05 for white, and \$1.05 for white. Corn is dull, sales at \$1.05 for spring, \$1.05 for red, \$1.05 for white, and \$1.05 for white. Oats are dull, sales at \$1.05 for spring, \$1.05 for red, \$1.05 for white, and \$1.05 for white. PROVISIONS.—The receipts and stocks continue very light. Sales of barreled meats at \$3.00 for old meat, and \$3.00 for new. Dressed hogs are selling at \$1.05 for the 100 lb. Best roaster at \$1.05, and \$1.05 for spring, \$1.05 for red, \$1.05 for white, and \$1.05 for white. Lard is dull at \$1.05 for tierce, Butter is selling at \$1.05 for tierce to prime packed and roll, and \$1.05 for choice lard, the latter for fine grades. Cheese is in moderate request at 17c. Eggs are quoted at 30c to 35c. COTTON.—Sales only good reaching some 750 bales, at 40c for low and good middling quality. IRON.—Sales of Pig Iron are within the range of \$20.00 for No. 1 Anthracite, and No. 2 at \$19.00. LUMBER.—We quote White Pine at \$3.00, and Yellow Pine at \$2.50. For red pine, 45c for red in board, and 54c for free oil. PLASTER is firm at \$4.50, 80c per ton. RICE.—The market is very quiet at 9c to 10c for Redwood, and 10c to 10c for Carolina. BEANS.—There is a fair demand for Green, and about 5000 bus found buyers at \$7.50, \$7.50 for common to prime. Timothy is quiet at \$3.75. Flaxseed is selling at \$2.00 to \$2.25. SPIRITS.—There is no change in Brandy or Gin. N. E. Rum is nominal at \$1.05, \$1.05. Whiskey is dull at \$1.05 for Pennsylvania and western brands, and \$1.05 for drugs. SUGAR.—Sales small lots Cuba at 13c to 14c; 500 lbs Sugar House at 13c, and 450 boxes at 13c. TALLOW is held at 14c for rendered. WOOL.—The market continues almost at a standstill; the low grades especially are unsettled and dropping, prices ranging at 10c for fleece, and 10c for tub. There is some little inquiry for fine clips, selling in a small way at 65c to 70c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 5000 head. The prices realized for 100 lb. at \$1.00. Cows brought from \$1.00 to \$1.00. Steers—5000 head were disposed of at 6c to 7c. 5000 Hogs sold at \$1.00 to \$1.00.

Theory of Medicated Inhalation.

LETTER No. III. CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

To the Editors of the Sat. Eve. Post.

GENTLEMEN:—Having pointed out the objections of the nose, throat, and lungs, which go before and prepare the way for disease of the lungs, we come now to speak of chronic bronchitis, the most common form of pulmonary disease. Chronic bronchitis is a local inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the air tubes, and is simply a catarrh of the lungs. It does not differ from catarrh of the nose in the effect it produces upon the mucous membrane. Thickening and enlargement of the mucous membrane takes place in the air tubes of the lungs the same as in the air passages of the nose, but the effect upon the health is very different in the two cases. In bronchitis, thickening of the mucous membrane diminishes the size of the air tubes and shortens the breath. When the nose is obstructed by unhealthy secretions, or so charged by disease as to make it difficult for us to breathe through the nostrils, we can breathe through the mouth; but when the bronchial tubes in the lungs are obstructed or diminished in size, we can find relief only by the cure of the bronchial disease.

Bronchitis, then, is a disease of the lining of the bronchial tubes, resulting in the thickening of the lining. This lining or membrane is very sensitive to every external influence, and is very liable to become irritated by sudden changes of weather, by impure air, by the fine particles of matter which fill the atmosphere of workshops or dust upon the winds in the dusty streets, and by the hundred irritating causes which meet us in almost every place. The most common cause, however, is cold, showing itself first, as a catarrh of the nose, first affecting the throat and larynx, and lastly involving the bronchial tubes, when the disease is known as a catarrh "cold in the chest," or Bronchitis.

The acute symptoms usually subside after a short time, but unless the patient is properly treated, he does not return to his former good health. He discovers a slight warmth in the hands towards evening, and cannot take the same exercises as usual without discovering that he is "short of breath." Still he is pretty well, and if the season be summer he may go on until fall without expectation; but as winter approaches he begins to cough and the expectation is found to be yellow. He may also find the fever increased to a decided hectic, with night sweats and rapid loss of flesh, in which case he will probably die before spring, with all the symptoms of consumption. Still this is not consumption at all; it is simply a chronic catarrh of the lungs.

It is very common for Chronic Bronchitis to assume a milder form, when it is spoken of as a "Winter Cough." It comes on each winter, and as regularly subsides during the summer; but at every succeeding recurrence, it manifests itself in greater severity, and the recovery in the following summer is not so complete. This form of Bronchitis, if neglected, will at last destroy life, and treated in the usual manner, is as incurable as consumption itself. The mucous membrane sooner or later becomes altered in structure, and pours forth a matter which has all the qualities of "pus." Hectic fever supervenes, and the disease tends slowly but surely, to a fatal termination.

Another form of Bronchitis is peculiar to middle life and old age. It is distinguished by the quantity and character of the matter expectorated. Usually there are two fits of coughing in the day—one on awaking in the morning and the other in the evening. There is considerable difficulty in breathing, while the paroxysms of coughing last; but it passes off as soon as the lungs are freed from the viscid secretion. The patient is feeble; he may, however, live, and attend to light duties for years. But the countenance gradually assumes a pale bluish tint, the body wastes, the blood becomes thin, and death comes, apparently, from the constant drain kept up by the discharge from the lungs. Some patients die from exhaustion in five or six months; but others live for as many years.

There is still another form of this disease, called "Dry Bronchitis," the essential character of which consists of chronic inflammation attended by a thickening of the mucous membrane, by which the air tubes are diminished in size, and also in the secretion of a dense gelatinous kind of matter, of a greenish or bluish color, by which they are still further obstructed. The smaller bronchial tubes are often entirely closed, and occasionally a tube of very considerable size becomes sealed up by this matter. The symptoms of Dry Bronchitis are not marked by severity. It is the most insidious of pulmonary complaints. The subject of it is conscious only of being short-breathed when ascending an elevation or attempting to run. When a large portion of the lungs is involved, a sense of oppression is experienced after meals and on every slight exertion. By some this oppression is referred to the opposite side of the chest to that on which the disease is situated, or to a remote part of the same side, or even the region of the stomach.

After a time, difficulty of breathing comes on, and continues several days, the patient complaining of tightness in the chest, which is relieved by cough and expectoration of a tough jelly-like substance. The cough by which this matter is raised, is a more rasping effort to clear the throat, and may probably not occur more than once or twice daily, and almost unconsciously to patients themselves. On inquiring if they have a cough, they will, almost without exception, answer "No"; yet, during your conversation they will, perhaps, hack, and raise a little jelly-like mucous ball a dozen times. At intervals, the cough is more severe, and comes on in paroxysms, when it is too commonly regarded as simply "nervous." If the stomach be at all deranged, it is fashionable to regard it as mere "stomach cough," or as being caused by a "liver disease," while, in fact, the derangements of the stomach, liver, kidneys, and of the uterine function, which exist, are but so many consequences of this very condition of the lungs. There is something gratifying in being assured by the family physician that there is "no danger of consumption," that this cough is "merely a trifle, and will speedily pass away if left to itself," that it is not surprising the stunted patient entirely overlooks the important fact that no careful examination of the lungs has been made to determine the health or disease of this organ; that this gratifying opinion, therefore, is founded on nothing reliable, and reduced to its intrinsic merits, is simply tampering with human life.

Most "coughs of long standing," unattended by free expectoration, are caused either by this condition of the bronchial tubes, or by incipient tuberculosis in the lungs. "The neglected cold," which so often proves the herald of consumption, is but another variety of this disease.

The frequency of this form of Bronchitis—its slow, insidious, and treacherous progress, and the disastrous consequences to which it often leads—should awaken from their lethargy all who are nursing day coughs of long standing in the vain hope of growing out of them. However slight and apparently unimportant, such coughs may seemingly lead on by very gradations to a premature grave. In such cases

medicines taken in the stomach simply acting the more prominent symptoms, but do not remove the disease. By Medicated Inhalation alone, in which the remedial agents are brought in direct contact with the diseased parts, can we hope to effect a radical cure. Your obedient servant,

H. A. J. WYTHE, M.D., Hunter and Kennedy, of the above firm, can be consulted, either personally or by letter, at their office, No. 1318 Chestnut Street.

An Answering Letter to the Cotton Dental Association, No. 737 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Alighting from the omnibus which has brought us up through Broadway's busy throng, which come over presenting some pleasing phenomena that cheer their group. It is "all very fine" to enter this pleasant reception-room but the shade beyond the sliding door—"ay, there's the rub!" But on the kindly face and pleasant voice of the President greet us, our crowd seems almost of half its numbers. "But we cannot further asking, as we present our credentials and look steadily up at the comparatively dark eyes so far above our own diminutive stature—"Will it kill us?" A pleasant laugh and an "anything" word convinces us that our time has not yet come; and we comply with the invitation to enter the smoking room, with our two delectable friends (the fair face of one assumes the hue of driven snow), with very much the feeling that the fly accepted the proffered hospitality of the spider.

Are we or if we are seated in the crowded chair, engaged in pleasant conversation. Suddenly we find a preoccupied between our feet, and the mouthpiece of a villainous looking black leg between our lips. Two pairs of hands, so gentle in their manipulations as to almost lead one to doubt their owner belonging to the masculine persuasion, hold our mouth upon the pipe, that the inhalation of the gas may be more perfect; while the owners of the same hands speak gentle words of encouragement. The soft hand of a lady caresses is laid comfortingly on our arm, and we can almost feel the reassuring society of the two hybrid companions behind the chair. A buzzing sound, as of myriad swarms of bees! Then comes feeling by, in grand measured and long-drawn cadences, a sweet old triangular hymn, such as those may sing who, having left all of earth behind them, enter into the glory of the Lord; and mingled with this, a wild symphony of dashing waves, ringing their "cannon" never more." Yet how strange! that last word of the hymn gave us a slight twinge, followed by two more, which portend of the nature of a strong jet pulsing wrench. "Your teeth are out," say three kind voices, but we have not come down yet to this subterranean world sufficiently to comprehend their meaning until the assurance is repeated by one of the familiar voices behind the chair. We rise a new being, and leave at the feet of the kind operator fifteen molars and incisors—a tribute to the greatest discovery of the age.

MARY N. ROBERTS.

CANCERS CURED. Cancers Grown without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Boils, Ulcers, and all Chronic Diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge.

DR. SARGENT & SON, No. 57 Bond Street, New York.

WAMAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Fifth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is probably the largest and best-conducted ready-made clothing and menswear tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior style, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, need not the very best articles are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited. act 11-3m

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Nervous headache, from whatever causes, debility, indigestion, constipation, liver complaint or nervous disorders, will find a speedy and radical cure in Holloway's Pills. They invigorate the constitution, restore the torpid energy of the stomach, stimulate the action of the bowels, cleanse the blood and purify the secretions of the bile and liver.

Sold by all Druggists.

G. & S. CRYSTAL D. F. A year can be realized gliding and putting \$1000 up the Crystal Door Plate. Agents wanted. Stock, Tools, and Instructions cost \$50. L. L. TODD & CO., 39 Nassau St., N. York.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

wp30-3m

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, D.D., LOUIS A. FALLINART, M.D. of Savannah, Ga., to MARY MATILDA, daughter of Dr. W. Williamson, of this city.

On the 5th of July, 1922, by the Rev. Mr. Winters, Mr. CHARLES H. BIVIN to Miss RACHEL McFATE, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, at Germantown, Pa., by the Rev. B. Winter Morris, JOSEPH T. LEE, of N. York, to ANNIE A., daughter of Robert B. Gibson.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Henry J. Morton, D.D., F. STANHOPE PHILLIPS to GRACE, daughter of Robert Macgregor, Esq.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Joe H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL W. KELLEY to Miss ANNIE MOORE, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durbin, JOSEPH STUBBS, of this city, to ELIZABETH KARMER, of Media.

On the 20th of Nov., by the Rev. Geo. A. Durbin, Mr. WILLIAM VANCE to Miss SARAH L. BATES, both of this city.

DEATHS.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH BERRY, wife of Horace BERRY, in her 83d year.

On the 5th instant, FRANCIS H. CONNER, in his 84th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. ABEL F. LEAMING, in her 70th year.

On the 4th instant, JOHN M. GUYER, in his 50th year.

On the 3d instant, JOHN H. BLATON, aged 40 years.

On the 3d instant, MARY, wife of Wm. Farvia, aged 61 years.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. MARY, wife of Wm. Hyndman, aged 65 years.

On the 6th instant, Mr. GEORGE A. EYER, aged 39 years.

On the 1st instant, ROBERT MOFFITT, in his 30th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ISABELLA, wife of Elijah J. Weaver, in her 66th year.

EYRE & LANDELL, 4TH AND ARCH. Established in 1846. Family Dry Goods Store. FULL STOCK OF FALL GOODS. BRASWELL OF ALL KINDS. DRESS GOODS, FULL LINE. MEN AND BOYS' WEAR. BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, DAMASKS, &c., &c. mar-15

the joy of the Milanese, who recognised in a skillfully-interwoven air, known as a "Furore Verdi" (Away with the Barbarians!) Of the Verdi had prudently made himself scarce, he might have got some for none.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERING.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

They crowd down on them!
But where, O Lord, is mine?
Are there for me no peace and calm,
Since only such was mine?

Or, having named Thy name,
Shall I no burden take?
And is there left no peace, no calm,
To suffer for Thy sake?

Unwearied of any while,
Unwearied of any while—
O Lord, how faint my fellowship
With Thy and suffering!

Yet Thy dead sacrifice
Do fill my soul with love,
That all the fellowship of mine eyes
Will up and overflow.

The spirit that pierced Thy side
Gave wounds to more than Thine.
Within my soul, O Christened,
Thy Cross is laid on mine!

And as Thy rocky tomb
Was in a garden fair,
Where round about sweet flowers in bloom,
To sweeten all the air—

So in my heart of stone
I suppose Thy death,
While thoughts of Thee, like roses blown,
Bring sweetness to their breath.

Arise not, O my dead!
As one whom Mary sought,
And found an empty tomb instead,
Her spirit all for naught!

O Lord, not so depart
From my embracing breast,
But be anointed in a heart
That by Thy death is blest.

Or if Thou shalt arise,
Abandon not Thy grave,
But bear it with Thee to the skies—
A heart that Thou shalt save!
—Drifted Snow-Flakes.

"P. Q."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY FAIRFIELD EWING.

"Madge, do tell me the meaning of those mysterious letters. I have puzzled my brain over them, and why they are always dangling from your watch chain, the constant companion of that tiny basket you seem to prize beyond all earthly things. Some lover gave them as charms to ward off other influences than his own. You need not smile so provokingly, just as though I was wide of the mark. I shall find out some day. Perhaps it is the badge of some secret Order of which you are a member. That is it. Hurrah! I have found out Madge's latest secret at last, and the incredible fellow sitting her slender waist danced half round the room before letting her down. Then with a look of deep gravity, commenced again.

"Since you will not condescend to inform me, the next one I meet wearing those letters I shall—"

"Shall what?" asked Madge, laughing merrily. "Not tell you, is certain, for one thing."

"What is the terrible other your manner seems to imply?"

"In some way find out the meaning of 'P. Q.'"

"But we shall be late, cousin mine, if I do not stop this nonsense and take you to the carriage."

Madge took her cousin's arm, drawing her shawl around her and over the gleaming chain with its queer ornaments; they were soon seated in the carriage and whirling away to one of those parties which are making the winter in Cincinnati so gay.

The rooms were lighted and well filled when Walter paused near the door, conscious of the attention their entrance had attracted. Conscious, too, that he held upon his arm the dearest, sweetest being earth held for him. He enjoyed the admiration Madge's appearance always drew forth more than any one imagined who saw him with the gentle girl.

"How devoted Walter Scott is to Madge Rivers!"

"Indeed, I should think so," was the slightly smiling response. "He has not left her side but once since entering the room. Strange that he would venture out with her at all, some one will be sure to see her."

The last words were full of passion, and startled the hearer, who looked at Edwin Grey in astonishment.

"You need not look so surprised, Hattie, I have cause. Mr. Scott refused me the introduction I sought for some trivial reason, in reality, no reason at all. Possibly he thought those pretty lips might smile upon me, and he lose the chance of the thousand she is said to possess. But I shall be even with him yet."

"Edwin, I will introduce you to Madge. I knew her long ago, and she could not have entirely forgotten me."

Just then she swept by with a tall, elderly gentleman, who had carried her off, much to Walter's discomfiture, for a stroll through the main room. Since the first day of her visit in his home had he loved Madge devotedly. Her right step always sent a thrill of gladness through his soul, and nothing could be enjoyed without her sweet presence. How he wished there was no such thing as society and that there was no such thing as a half undressed claim, for it broke into and upon those delicate evenings he and Madge spent together, providing dinner or supper, those old German songs. He stood staring, gazing the moment.

He stood staring, gazing the moment, not trying to analyze the feelings now rushing over him, but very conscious that they were miserable ones, and of a half undressed thought that the light of his life might be slowly going out, that Madge was slipping from his grasp. To-night she was very beautiful, more ethereal than ever before. A fragile, delicate organization, which a rude touch might crush helplessly. The soft silk fall in folds from the white figure, the low bodice revealing the white shoulders under a cloud of lace; the small hands twining with the fingers she held, and the pale, spiritual face bending over and down to kiss the perfume of the fragrant blossom, or lit up with a smile as the dark, earnest eyes were fixed to her companion's face, was a

plant upon which Walter could not look with calmness.

The blood flowed thickly through his veins when his thoughts turned inward, and he tried to stifle his own impulses. He tried to stifle some distant from her, already conversing with a shy, bashful girl, who looked as though she would much rather have been solving a problem in the laboratory than endeavoring to converse with this stylish young man by her side. Was very probably better satisfied with his present manner than if he had devoted himself entirely to the task of entertaining her. Near them was Edwin Grey and his sister Hattie. Through the rustling dresses and stowing figures he could see Cousin Madge leaning upon the piano, gracefully conversing with a little circle of which she was the life.

"Oh if that edifying young man had not been such a barrier!" He would have willingly given five of the best years of his life to have added two more to his present age, and been a year older, rather than a year younger, than Madge.

"And yet she does not look to be twenty-three—not more than nineteen. I wish she was but that. However! there is Edwin Grey and Hattie being introduced—actually kissing Hattie. What is that for?"

"What?" asked his companion in surprise. Walter looked, comprehending in a moment the cause of her query. He had given his thoughts words.

"I beg your pardon, I did not know I was speaking aloud. Would you like a premonition upon the veranda?" said he, feeling as though if he had not air to cool the fever now burning within, he should not be able to get through the evening. The young lady declined, excusing him however from further attendance by saying, "There is mamma coming this way."

Thus released, he strode back and forth in the refreshing air; then threw himself down upon a seat to regain composure before returning to the rooms—his jealous thoughts again were busy. He had sat there for some time, becoming calm and silent under the influence of the jeweled sky above him, and better thoughts filled the place so lately occupied by the unreasonable jealousy, when the sound of voices roused him. He instantly recognized Madge's figure and some gentleman, whose observation he did bear. Bending his head he caught the answer.

"No, I think I never met Mr. Grey before. He is an entire stranger—beyond the slight acquaintance of this evening."

"Yet he says he had the honor of knowing Miss Rivers some years ago."

"His sister, Miss Hattie and I, formerly were playmates."

"Oh, possibly that may have been the way," replied the gentleman, whose tones Walter recognized as belonging to Mr. Bowen, an acquaintance of the family.

"Yet, Miss Rivers, he professes to be bound to you by no slight tie; claiming to be a member of the circle whose insignia is this," touching lightly the little bar of gold which bore the mysterious letters. Madge suddenly stopped, stood as if petrified; opening her lips as if to speak, but they closed again without a sound.

"Why, Miss Rivers! Madge! What is the matter? Have I offended you? Speak and tell me!" for the blue eyes had never left his face, but seemed set in an endless stare.

"Madge! Madge!" giving her a frightened shake to bring her thoughts back, and direct that gaze from his face. How he remembered it long afterwards with an involuntary shudder.

"Nothing is the matter," came at last in husky tones, her eyes falling to the floor. After a moment her voice again broke the silence. Husky yet, and seemingly burdened with pain.

"What you say cannot be true. You surely are mistaken," she added, as though her words needed confirmation.

"I think not. He wears the badge upon his chain, and the rest he gave me to understand after meeting, or rather seeing, you at Mr. Robert's reception; for I believe he was not introduced."

"Oh, I can't, can't believe it! He cannot wear that," the words were half wailing and full of anguish.

"Miss Rivers, come and see for yourself," said he, drawing her to the doorway, where she shrank a moment from entering. Then, as if with sudden courage, started in and was out of sight. Walter forgot all about himself in this new revelation.

"What was it?" he thought. He had noticed Madge flush when talking her about the oddities she would persist in wearing; but he never dreamed they were of any great moment, and was puzzled to understand the conversation. "I will go and see how it ends."

Catching hold of the window-cash, he threw it up; traversed the long supper-room, gaining the other entrance-door first, as Madge and her escort reached the centre of the room.

Gathered at one side were a number of ladies and gentlemen in a little circle, from whom he rapidly singled out Edwin Grey, leaning languidly back, seeming but half a member of the merry group, for his eyes were roving over the room, as though searching for some one not there. A slight start betrayed his knowledge of Madge and Mr. Bowen near by with evident intention of joining the circle.

"Miss Rivers, allow me to give you a seat," gracefully proffering a chair, into which Madge sank, seating herself, glancing at the third for Mr. Bowen, who responded to the unspoken invitation with a bow, saying,

"I shall avail myself some other time."

Walter had glided to the window near by, partially concealing himself by the heavy curtains.

He wished to be where he could watch Madge unobserved, and ferret out some of the mystery which had been thrown around her. Very plainly he could see her figure now, but her face was shaded by her hand.

Mr. Grey bent over to her with some pleasant remarks, which were so quietly received, that taking a closer look, he observed the deathlike pallor.

"You are not well, Miss Rivers. What can I do for you?"

"Tell Walter I should like to return home."

Mr. Grey arose, and beckoned his sister to his side.

"Hattie, Miss Rivers is not well; please stay till I find her cousin."

Walter came from the window, asking Madge if she was tired, and wished to go.

Her only answer was to take his arm and proceed with him to the door. "So, Mr. Scott has found you? I have been looking for him all through the room. I hope you are feeling better?"

"I shall, probably, when in the open air." Bringing her shawl, wrapping them tenderly

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.
SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.
UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

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Author of "PAINTER FLOWERS," "THE REVEREND," "CLARA MORLAND," &c., &c.

has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST:
A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that remote region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA E. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

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round the light form, was Walter; never by the least sign recognising Mr. Grey's presence.

Madge passed her arm within his own, saying,

"Walter, please take me to the carriage soon."

I am so faint."

Hardly fastening the dainty, white hood, with its azure ribbons, he took her in his arms, and ran down the steps, not stopping till she was safely deposited inside; then, with a few rapid directions to the driver, sprang in himself, not giving Mr. Grey, who had followed, an instant to gain a word with either.

The ride was not long, and Walter again insisted upon carrying his cousin to her room.

Pushing open the door, he placed his burden in the chair before the cosy fire, now half smoldering.

Barring it vigorously, the flames shot up, filling the room with their soft, warm glow.

"Now shall I send for Mr. or may I not stay myself till you are better?"

"No; I will bid you good-night now, and ring for Mr. when I want her," holding out the jeweled hand, which Walter took in his own, hiding the fragile little fingers in his broad palm, but did not stir, as he stood looking down upon the occupant of the chair.

Madge raised her eyes.

"Walter, please go, and leave me."

"Not while you are suffering. What is it? Cannot you tell me?" said he, sinking down before her, gathering the little, helpless hands into his own, his face full of earnest sympathy.

Then the self-imposed control gave way completely.

"Walter don't," and a shiver ran through her, as she laid her head upon the arm of the chair.

Walter knelt on the floor silent, utterly at a loss to comprehend the anguish now forcing low moans from her white lips. At last he spoke.

"Madge, must you suffer alone, without any alleviation? and so terribly, too?"

"Suffer! You cannot know how I have suffered, and must all these long years to come. It cannot be—dead, and I not there, not there," she repeated incoherently.

Now thoroughly alarmed, he lifted her upon the sofa, then raised the bell, and rang it so furiously, that Mr. Scott, and half the domestics came rushing up stairs to learn the cause.

"Why, Walter, what is—"

"Hush, mother," pointing to the figure on the sofa.

"Madge was taken ill, and I brought her home."

"Why, dear me," and Mrs. Scott hastened to where Madge lay, still unconsciously moaning.

"Do you, Walter, get Dr. Edwards here as soon as possible."

"Dear me, this is bad; what could have caused it?" ejaculated the good-natured Mrs. Scott, as she glanced the restless girl of her many years, who, coming at last to the beautiful dress, the lace bodice, and crushed flower, the gleaming jewels beneath. One by one they were taken off; one by one laid in the open drawers, with the doubt that they ever would be wanted again.

Then, from the dressing table, came haphazard savings, and the little hands would clutch themselves tightly, or reach out for help.

Dr. Edwards's face was very grave as he laid the wrist between his fingers, and felt the blood surging madly through her veins, and heard the murmuring coming at intervals.

After a quieting potion, he sat down and watched her for some time. Leaving her finally in charge of Mrs. Scott, he called Walter, and bade him tell him what he knew of the first attack or symptoms. If there had been any sudden shock?

No, he did not know surely. There had been no sudden shock, or anything which he could tell the doctor without betraying all he had overheard and seen.

So he quietly said:

"The episode I about the middle of the evening; repeated to be brought home, giving worse all the while till you were awakened. Is there any danger?" asked he, after looking the anxious mother.

"Very great. There had been a severe mental shock, in spite of all you say, and—perhaps my judgment—I think you know of it. Am I not right?" as his searching look marked the sudden flush.

Walter hesitated but a moment.

"I will give you, doctor, my own knowledge. You can draw your inference, though I hope you will consider it private information."

"Do not be afraid, sir. My profession requires all such."

Beginning at the first of the evening, the incidents were related of which he had been an observer, not forgetting the words Madge had uttered before the family had been summoned.

attention. Madge had turned her head over, and was now facing him with half-open eyes, yet not awake. In her dreamy response he waited for the next move, but she did not stir. The heavy lids went down, and she again slept.

Two hours more went without a moment's waking, the eyes opened wide. Walter's heart throbbed heavily, but no ray of intelligence shone from them. Only for a moment was it that they met his as blankly. An effort to speak, then came the whispered words:

"Where am I?"

"Do you not know?" he returned in the same low tone, glancing round the room and at his sleeping mate. The languid eyes slowly followed his own, finally resting upon his face.

"What has happened?"

"Nothing of any great moment. You were taken ill."

"When?"

"Before we came here last night."

"Last night?" dreamily echoing the words.

"Yes, at Mr. Scott's. Can you remember it?"

"No, a great throbbing of the head, a feeling of dizziness, a sense of faintness, a sense of all a deep green burst forth."

"Walter's face with its sorrow must have brought the wandering thoughts back, for Madge opened her eyes."

"It seems a great while ago, but I now remember it, and—oh, Walter, it has all come back now," burying her face in the counterpane, while her form shook with emotion. The full heart sobbed, too; but he was silent over this sorrow, whatever it might be, for he felt it beyond his power to give consolation.

For some time the paroxysm lasted, but finally it was over, and she lay quietly among the pillows.

"Madge, dear, here is the medicine you were to take as soon as you awoke."

Like a child she obeyed him as he brought the mixture, and soothingly spoke, bidding her "Now sleep if possible."

"I cannot," she dreamily answered. "How weak I am, trying to rise, but sinking back; mentally, too," she added. "All those long years I have suffered, and thought it over till last night, when the wearying pain came back."

"Madge, you had better not talk," though every nerve thrilled with the thought that the explanation of all that had been so full of mystery in the past might now be given.

Putting away all selfish thoughts he regained composure. This, with the medicine, soon lulled her to sleep again, a gentle, peaceful slumber. When Doctor Edwards called again, he expressed himself quite hopefully, "that the convalescence would be rapid." It did not prove so, however. Slowly her strength seemed to come, and she would be silent for hours upon the sofa. Off-time the delicate brows contracted in pain, as though there was an inward combat—a struggle which took away all wish for exertion, or aught else but to lie there and endure.

So Walter read the varying changes as they flitted over the pale face. Mr. Grey had inquired for Madge's progress since the first day of her illness. After she came down stairs he called one afternoon, and was taken by her request into the sitting-room where her sofa had been placed.

He came forward with smiles, glad to know Miss Rivers had so far recovered; seated himself by the side of the low couch, and devoted the time to his entertaining manner, to the news, bits of gossip, good wishes of himself and others for her rapid recovery, till Walter felt would have shortened his call instead of lengthening it, as he seemed inclined to do. Madge, too, roused from the lethargy now habitual was really interested.

After that first visit, there came hot-house flowers, arranged with exquisite taste, tiny baskets of fruit, and the latest publications.

When able to ride, it was always in the luxurious carriage of the Greys, sometimes with Hattie, often with Edwin.

Walter, at home, felt as though entirely forgotten. The entire devotion when in health, his faithful care when death seemed to be very near, he bitterly thought, was nothing. Nothing when compared with a few perishing fruits and flowers from the hand of a stranger.

He was not forgotten, however. One evening when alone with her cousin, before the lamps were lighted, and deep shadows lurked in the corners of the room, ready at every gleam of fire-light to chase each other over the walls in elfish gambols, Madge gently asked him to sit down beside her until she could tell him how much she appreciated the unobtrusive kindness and delicate consideration he had shown her. She might have added more, when Walter stopped her utterance, lightly laying his hand over her mouth.

"Do not think of it," said he, a little coldly. "Mr. Grey has done more."

"Why no, he has not. You were so good to me."

"That is nothing at all. Duty always is plain."

Oh, well, if he did not care, was only kind to her from a sense of duty, there was no need of thanks. If that was all of his care for her; and Madge turned her face to the wall with a miserable feeling that her real friends were very few indeed. The clouds upon her brow deepened and darkened when the door closed, leaving her alone. The fire-light blazed and flashed up into her face, but not a shade of brightness crossed it till Mr. Grey was announced, with Hattie, who bustled herself, after the lights were brought, and they comfortably seated for the evening, in keeping Walter to himself, even trying by innocent wiles to bring the olden light back to his eyes, and win more than a ghost of a smile from his lips; but all in vain. His thoughts would wander to Mr. Grey seated so cozily beside Madge. What right had he to usurp privileges, he, her cousin, would not have thought of claiming.

He felt an intense dislike to the man. Unwarrantably, Madge thought, with others, who could see no cause why the handsome Mr. Grey should be so obnoxious to Walter.

Apart from jealousy which had not in this case cost a glance over the object, blinding him entirely, it had opened his eyes wider, and the cold, selfish nature beneath the surface was very plain. The polished words were but flimsy disguise, used to further his own interests. Nor could he understand why Madge's usually clear vision should be so blinded as not to see that the obsequious attentions and observance of her slightest wish were not prompted by any real sympathy or genuine feeling of love.

That he was necessary, he knew, from his nearest disposition; but he congratulated himself that the knowledge of Madge's broad acres had not reached his yet.

He little knew of the bond between them, and of the suppression of one afternoon among the first Madge had spent down stairs, or he might have proven a more powerful opponent than Edwin had now found him.

He would have weighed well the character of such a man, knowing him as he did, giving such information.

Motives and various circumstances coming in for their scrutiny. But he did not know, nor did Madge, naturally reticent, confide aught of her sorrow to him, but held it locked within her own bosom, feeling sometimes it was not for Edwin's ready sympathy, she would not care to live. That day she had been nicely arranged upon her sofa, with books and portfolio within reach, if she wished to read, or spend the time in writing.

Thus Mr. Grey found her, not writing, or even reading, but lying there on the soft cushions, one hand supporting her cheek, the other clasped in the pages of Bayard Taylor's *Journal*, sadly reflecting. He walked in as though privileged, telling Mrs. Scott "Not to trouble herself; he would find Miss Rivers."

Madge opened her eyes when he drew a seat by her, and rather tenderly inquired for her health. Without answering, the deep, earnest eyes were turned upon the handsome face bending over her.

"What is it?" he asked, as he read the mute appeal. "Will you not tell me where you got those; why you wear them?" came at last brokenly from the white lips.

His eyes fell upon the floor, and was it fancy or did the blood really recede, when the delicate hand was laid upon the little ornaments? Madge could not tell. Only a passing fancy, she thought, as he bent over to her again, saying, very gently,

"Be sure that you care to know, that your strength is sufficient."

"I know the worst. I know that he is dead, else you never would have had those. And tell me, I beg, what you know of it?" she could not say of "him," the loved, and now gone.

Edwin Grey sat with his hand concealing his mouth, while his eyes were fastened on the floor.

At length he spoke.

"It was almost four years ago that I knew 'Dwight Harvey.'"

Madge convulsively clasped both hands over her eyes. Why could she not have seen the sinister smile flit over the face of the one by her side? But she did not, and after a slight pause, he went on:

"Being from the same state, with the same purposes, hopes, and plans, we soon were quite friends, almost brothers. Not to pain you needlessly, I will skip all unnecessary detail, and all the hours we have spent together, but never can again; and give you in my feeble, imperfect way, the manner the world lost one of her noblest men. He had amassed considerable property, when he finally decided to return home, and had converted it all into money, when it was stolen by some daring thief, who left no trace behind. This terrible blow made him ill for weeks, aided by anxiety about things connected with his home; another disease set in, and terminated his life. His watch and ring fortunately were left. With these, funeral expenses were paid, and other incidentals. From the chain I detached these, and took possession of a lady's ambrosia, bringing them with me, hoping by wearing the chains to be able to trace out the one who was doubtless mourning her lost lover."

"I had no clue beyond this name of Madge, traced upon the inside of the little box, and the picture which I knew to be of you the instant I saw you with your cousin at the reception, some three weeks ago."

"He never told me your name, but I trusted to fortune to bring us together; and so it has. Dwight told me the picture face belonged to his dearest friend, and I want you to be mine," said he, softly, drawing her hands away from the wet face. "Do not grieve," as the tears now burst faster. "It will only make you ill again. You know he is at rest."

"Oh, Dwight! Dwight!" she wailed. "If you never had gone there to die!"

"Hush, Madge. Be quiet, if possible. There is no avail in tears or regrets for him now."

Thus soothing, and reasoning with her, she soon lay quiet, and when Mr. Grey left, it was with the consciousness of having fulfilled his mission, whatever that mission may have been.

Madge kept her sorrows to herself, never asking sympathy from those who would have been so ready to give it; so they knew but little of the real truth.

Being an orphan, and spending her life among strangers, made her shrink within herself, and make but few real friends. Many acquaintances she had, for all were ready to do homage to the gentle girl, but none, till they were tried and true, did she admit to her confidence and trust.

As the weeks went by, she finally recovered from the illness, though the white face was whiter still, and the earnest eyes were more earnest. And sometimes in their gaze was a mute woe, asking unconsciously for sympathy.

Beside her, indeed almost everywhere, was Edwin Grey, to the utter exclusion of all others; and report said these blue eyes were learning to brighten at his approach.

Society congratulated itself there was a probability of the brown-stone mansion so long unoccupied, now being filled by a pretty little woman, who, it was hoped, would make a better man of Edwin Grey. Not that there could be anything particular alleged against him now, but he had been a wild boy before that long Western trip. What adventures had been his, were never known by any, though numerous surmises and conjectures were rife regarding his sudden return home.

He now was devoting his time in reality to the profession chosen, and naught could be brought against his present life.

One evening, Madge came up stairs, and sitting down on the stool at Mrs. Scott's feet, told her she had plighted her faith to Edwin Grey.

"My dear child," and the old lady laid her hand in kindly blessing upon her head, "may you be supremely happy."

"That never can be, auntie. There was one with whom I should have been so. He is gone now," she sadly said, "and I doubt that there is another."

Both were silent for a moment, when Madge again spoke.

"I cannot love him as I loved once, but there is a sincere regard and respect, which he tells me will, in time, become all he could ask."

"Madge," and the good old lady, who had not heard a word of what she had been saying, now spoke the hospitable thought the first announcement brought, "you will be married here, will you not? I never had a daughter, so

I feel as if I had a right to give my dear brother's child a merry wedding."

"Not that—not a merry one. I could not bear it. Edwin and I have talked over the matter, and he is perfectly willing for a quiet wedding, though it must not be here, taking you."

"It would be such a pleasure. You know my baby daughter died, and I had none till you came. It is too bad you must be stolen away when sitting in here so nicely."

Madge made no reply, but sat looking out of the window in a preoccupied manner, with none of the blushing joy or sweet consciousness of the betrothed maiden. Under the new relation not a wave of color ever dyed the white cheek, or left its stain upon the marble brow. A sweet smile witnessed her lover as he came each day, but nothing more. He, on the contrary, could not talk to and of her too much.

She seemed to all all his waking hours, and he seemed "haunted by his dream." To all this nonsense Madge smiled so quietly, that one day he grew almost angry, saying, she cared very little for him, as there was no interest evinced in anything he said or proposed.

"Edwin," how can you think so," brushing away the tears the quick remark caused to well up. "You know I care for you more than I shall any one else. That you have my respect and esteem. You were willing to wait for the—love."

"Yes, Madge; only show a little more interest, and I will be satisfied." For he really loved her, though thinking sometimes it was very little she gave in return.

"Those thousands will make up for any coldness on her part."

This was most satisfactory to one of his selfish nature.

He had a practical realization of what it was to struggle in the world for appearances sake. The profession he had chosen, though not distasteful, was irksome oftentimes. Much pleasure it would have been to invite tender epistles to some lady friend or enjoy a promenade, than listen to the clients frequenting this office, or engaged upon a plea for the same.

The prospect of Madge's wealth was absolutely dazzling. "Then I can live," he ejaculated when a more than usually disagreeable day was ended, and he closed the office door, looking it against all intruders, thoroughly disgusted for that time with "dreary business," as he termed it.

He had urged a speedy marriage, and Madge had consented it should be when the June roses were blooming.

"Not before then? Why this is March."

"Not quite three months. Surely that will be time enough, will it not?"

And Edwin, after a few more ineffectual attempts to change her decision, was forced to consent, though it went sorely against his will.

"What if something should happen," fairly shuddering at the idea.

"I cannot. I am safe there," he said, reassuringly, to himself.

The wedding preparations were all completed, and three more days would find Madge "Mrs. Grey."

June, with her balmy air and singing birds, had come at last. Bright and cheery shone the sun, the dewdrops were not dried from the lawn, but sparkled on the grass yet, when Edwin came for an early call at Mr. Scott's, carrying a bouquet of white rose-buds. He looked very handsome that beautiful morning, as he came up the walk with the firm, quick step, the resolute bearing; and Madge, for the first time, felt a thrill of pride in the one who was to shape her whole future life. Obeying the impulse of the moment, she leaned from the window and bade him a cheery "good-morning."

"Madge, dear, see what I have brought you as a bribe for a walk with me this lovely morning," holding up the flowers.

"How beautiful," extending her hands for them.

"You cannot catch them," laughing at her endeavors to reach the flowers as he tossed the fragrant buds to the window.

"Get your hat and gloves for a walk, then you may have them."

"You cannot spare me."

"Yes, she will; the air will do you good. I will ask her, while you get ready," and he sprang up the stone steps, passing through the hall in search of Mrs. Scott, without questioning his privilege of so doing.

Madge ran to the stairs, and leaning over the balustrade, watched him till the fine form disappeared through a distant door. Then she slowly went back to the window, and saw Walter open the gate for some stranger to enter; close it, and walk up the paved way with him, both earnestly conversing.

"Who can that be with Walter? Some one I have seen. Where?" Watching them advance with considerable interest. Strange that she should not know him, when every gesture was hauntingly familiar.

As they came on Walter stole a glance upward. Madge bowed and smiled, but he did not respond, only striding into the house. The steps falling heavily on her sensitive heart, filling it again with sorrow, when bright and joyous days were just dawning.

Something had changed Walter from what he had been when she first knew him. Always kind, and ready to comply with her slightest request; he was not the gay companion of other days. In the absorption of her thoughts she had not noticed this, vaguely feeling the change. Now he was avoiding even a morning salutation.

The gate opened and shut with a bang. Mechanically raising her eyes, she saw Edwin crossing the street rapidly.

"I suppose he is offended now because I was so tardy. My beautiful day is completely spoiled, and I was feeling so happy this morning for the first time. When will life be like this over?"

There came a knock upon the door. Opening it, there stood Walter, who looked down at her but did not speak.

"Did you want anything?" said she, gently; for the grave solemn manner put to flight all thoughts of being angry.

"Yes, I want you to come down stairs with me. A gentleman is here who wishes to see you. A very dear friend of your once, if what he says is true."

"Did he give his name?"

"Yes. They sent me to tell you. To prepare you for a great shock," said he, as they descended the stairway together; "and I am utterly powerless to do it."

"Walter, what are you speaking about?" said Madge, stopping short and looking up into his face. She saw it was full of apprehension. "Tell me!" A vague fear of something terrible coming upon her.

Passing his arm round her form, he drew her to the drawing-room door.

"I beg of you not to let your feelings, whatever they may be, entirely overwhelm you, Madge. Remember, Walter is your friend in everything. Everything, remember," taking her face between his hands, and tears of pity for her in his eyes.

"You frighten me so. What have I done?"

"Nothing, nothing; only for your own sake to leave."

The door opened, and Mrs. Scott came out, looking at Walter questioningly.

"Does she know?"

"No, mother, I cannot tell her."

But Madge had seen neither in the door, and stood looking at the man with starting eyes.

He advanced a few steps, then spoke, "Margery."

"Dwight Harvey?" and her convulsive scream ran through the house.

Gathering her up they carried her to the sofa, but her eyes opened soon, and her first words were—

"Dwight! Dwight! why did you not come before?"

"My darling," and the strong arm drew her closer, while tears of joy rolled down the tanned face.

"Oh, I have been so lonely these long years without you. You will never leave me again."

Winding her arms round his neck and childishly resting her face against his arm.

And Walter, feeling that they were no longer needed, drew his mother from the room, closing the door gently behind him.

Not till the dinner hour had come and gone a long while, did Mrs. Scott venture to disturb the happy lovers. Madge's face was perfectly radiant.

"Oh, auntie, he never will leave me again. Come and see him." Taking her to meet the one whose presence had shed such brightness over her future. Walter came next, and could not resist a warm glow of sympathy in her evident happiness, nor help saying, rather inadvertently,

"Well, I am glad that Grey will never trouble us again."

It was an awkward speech he felt, the moment it had been spoken. Madge colored painfully, involuntarily drawing closer to the bronzed man at her side, who looked very grave; while Mrs. Scott, whose first bewilderment had not abated very much, now felt another whirl in her brain.

"Grey—" she had forgotten him in the excitement of the stranger's arrival, who now claimed Madge for his own. A long-lost lover returned, and her wedding-day not far distant with another. What would be done? Mr. Harvey was the first to speak.

"I am quite of your opinion that Mr. Grey will not trouble us much. He knew me the instant he discovered us in the doorway, and very wisely left the house. I safely predict he will not return, unless this lady so wills it," looking down with a smile into Madge's face.

Her lips were no responsive gleam. It was too sore a subject, as they all saw, and adroitly it was changed. Still it was not possible there should be no reference to the event Mr. Harvey's presence had so frustrated.

Madge could not yet hear to hear the necessary explanations; when her uncle's step sounded in the hall, she slipped from the protecting arm, and ran away to think.

Then it came to the full satisfaction of all, and the clearing up of the mystified state of Mrs. Scott's brain.

Dwight and Madge had early formed a friendship, which continued throughout his college life, at the end of which they were betrothed.

Madge being quite young, her father, who then was living, objected to the marriage taking place very soon, and I, in my hasty nature, thought it was because he was too proud to make his petted daughter with a penniless man. I know better now; but then I determined to come the next time with as full coffers as I could.

So Madge promised to wait, to be patient while I was gone. One year of separation passed by. Our letters bridging the long distance, making it less bitter. I had been successful in gaining a good start, and hoped the years might not be many before Madge could be my wife. During this time I met Edwin Grey, and we soon were friends. It is needless to say I gave him no confidence regarding my private matters, holding them all too sacred to be lightly named. He also observed the same silence, so we knew little as to the past history of the other. One day I came upon him unawares, and found Madge's picture in his hands. "Where did you get that?" I cried in astonishment.

"Here, on the table, and had I been inclined, might have carried off some of your trunks, pointing to a promiscuous heap of things I had in my hurry tossed there. I am quite sure now the miniature had not been there, but I did not think of that then, only held out my hand. 'I will take that, if you please.'"

"Certainly. I hope you will forgive the liberty taken. It seemed so good to look upon such a face, that I could not resist the temptation. I have no pictures of those I love; perhaps not a real friend in the world."

"I was melted at once. 'I will be your friend,' was my impulsive answer. He only clasped my hand silently. The next day came a long letter from Madge, and one from a college friend, who lived near her home. They both were in one envelope. In my delight, I told Edwin Grey of my two letters, one from Madge, the other from Mr. Terry. He seemed quite interested, asking about her, what obstacle existed, &c. Very foolishly I blurted out my own wounded feelings; the whole story of her father's great wealth and my poverty, saying some day I hoped to take her without her father's gold. He only listened, saying nothing, seeming more abstracted than usual for several days, but after that was the same."

One evening, when we were gathered round the fire, discussing our future plans, a letter was handed me from Terry, saying, Mr. Rivers was dead, Madge quite ill, and desiring my presence."

"I made a few hasty preparations to go, and but a day lacked of my departure, when another letter, precisely in appearance like the others, came, saying Madge's illness had terminated fatally."

"I cannot tell you how terribly the blow told. Suffice to say, it was a long year before I was myself. No letters reached me. I cared for none. Grey had gone farther west, but came back to bid me farewell, and convey any message to friends."

"Feeling that no one there cared for me, I sent none, and he soon left. That was the last I knew of him, till meeting him here."

"What made you come back again?" asked

Mrs. Scott, who had been intensely interested in this recital.

"A longing to see the spot where Madge slept possessed me, and I came."

Then, in a concise manner, he gave a sketch of the story Madge had been led to believe. "No very likely did 'dwell' the charms from my watch-chain, but I was not dead then, and have come just in time to save a lifetime of woe."

"To forge that last letter from Terry! The villain! If ever I lay hands upon him I and Walter's eyes blazed with indignation."

There was no probability, however, of any of them being troubled by Edwin Grey. He had left the city for an indefinite period, and did not seem likely to return.

Just one week afterward there was a gay bridal at Scott's. Not a quiet one, as Madge once wished; nor did she wear the traveling suit of gray, but the party with and congratulatory she had refused to think of before. Altogether it was a joyous affair, and the people wondered when they saw Madge so changed from the quiet, quietly girl into the lovely bride. Some could not understand. It looked very mysterious; but no explanations were given, beyond, "That a long-lost lover had returned, and she was very happy." A brown-stone mansion was occupied, but not by Mr. Grey and his wife.

While the evening shades had fallen over the city, and night in her starry robe is bending like a gentle spirit over the world, we may see into the home of our friends; see them with love's greatest blessing, confidence and harmony. Walter, too, is there, with a brown-eyed maiden, who has promised to be his own before another year has rolled into the past.

The "P. Q." still flash in the fire-light, as Madge sits waiting and watching for the coming step. They will send out another wave of brightness when the door opens; and Madge springs to meet her husband. None know their meaning beyond the few members of the circle where Madge and Dwight first met.

Some six, wearing the mystic symbols, gathered to hear the words uttered which made them one; and as time goes by they officiate come again. One, two, perhaps, and sometimes six.

"Are these all of you?" Walter asked one day when a light blazed from the parlors, and Madge stood with her husband waiting the arrival of the train. "Only eight we are, bound together by ties which death cannot sever, six beside us. Loving and true we have been through the past years; loving and true we shall be to the end, till earth knows us no more."

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the Illustration of the Fashion, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

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A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We offer a Sewing Machine as a Premium for the LADY'S FRIEND, on the same terms as are offered by the SATURDAY EVENING POST in its Premiums. The Clubs may be composed entirely of the LADY'S FRIEND, or partly of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, if desired.

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

Subscribers in British North America must remit needs some in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Railroad Graveyard.

A writer reports in the New York Saturday Evening Post that every railroad should be provided with its own graveyard, where its victims might be buried in the company's company. The writer suggests that the company should be allowed to bury its victims in the company's company. The writer suggests that the company should be allowed to bury its victims in the company's company.

Cow in Trouble.

A bovine well from the neighboring field. The cow had been in the field for some time. The cow had been in the field for some time. The cow had been in the field for some time.

Milkmaid's Story.

A man of letters in the New York Saturday Evening Post. The man of letters in the New York Saturday Evening Post. The man of letters in the New York Saturday Evening Post.

Over the Wall.

"Downright about" the signal said. "Downright about" the signal said. "Downright about" the signal said.

A Legend of the Rhine.

The history of the Rhine from one end to the other is very simple. There are always two sides to every story. There are always two sides to every story. There are always two sides to every story.

Object Teaching.

"First class in Philosophy of Common Things come up and recite. John, how many legs has a quadruped?" "Four, sir." "How do you make that out?" "He has four legs in front and two behind, sir."

"Right. Now, Sam! Where does the sun rise?" "In the east, sir."

"Why does he rise in the east?" "I suppose the (sun) makes him rise, sir."

"Very good. Now, Jake, spell brandy with three letters."

"O B V" (can do via.) "No. Next."

"B r and y." "Right. All go to the head."

"Right. All go to the head."

"Right. All go to the head."

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"Right. All go to the head."

"Right. All go to the head."



SACRILEGE.

OWNERS-DRIVERS (alluding to distinguished foreigners, who have just got down):—"I never could abide them French. Why, I knowed a gent as was over there during the revolution, and what do you think, sir? Why, they actually made barricades of 'busses!'"

Marriage Over the Water.

New the French clergy exact that, before marrying a man, he shall come to confession; of which they give him a certificate, exactly as they would give a certificate of his baptism or burial, and they take advantage of the opportunity to put the most extraordinary questions respecting his previous ways and doings. It is not every nominally Catholic Frenchman who likes to pass this private examination; he therefore sends some fellow to procure him, who confesses what he pleases for a small remuneration, and brings back the required certificate. As soon, therefore, as our bridegroom has acquired the right to utter the words of the Holy Mass, he convokes on satin paper all within his knowledge to be present at an act of hypocrisy. The party, after finishing at the altar, proceeds, in all their finery, to the door of the church. The bride enters first in a cloud of white, nothing but white from head to foot, leaning on her father's arm, or, in default of father, on her paternal or maternal uncle's. The bride comes to meet her at the door, with his hair displayed on his mostly chest, and conducts her majestically to the altar, marking the pavement with his cane. During the marriage, the organ plays an opera tune. The bridegroom follows the bride at the distance of a pace or two; and they bend the knee side by side on a prie-dieu made comfortable by a cushion. The priest hurries through a series of motions; a bit of red cloth is stretched over the bride's head; the officiating minister makes a short mystical allusion, in which he compares the union of man and wife to the Saviour's union with the Church. The company then migrates to the society, where bride and bridegroom, relations, friends, acquaintances, his post-mortem, compliments, acquiescence, and everybody relays making their remarks on the pretentious or plainness of the bride. And now you have before you a couple of human beings, still unknown to the one to the other, united to all perpetuity! The maiden has changed her name; and, pale as death under her garland of orange-flowers, she tries to smile. The hue of the world may change; what was once a wilderness may become a city; what was once a monarchy shall be to-morrow a republic; but when once that word of the Maiden and that other word of the priest have fallen on a woman's head, in France, that woman wholly belongs henceforward to the Irrevocable. Whatever be the sort of man who leads her by the hand to his home, whatever he do, she must follow him, in France, to the very last breath. Her only resource, her only refuge from him, is the grave. She has written on her door the word which ought only to be written on the gate of the cemetery.—London Society.

CHANGE OF OPINION.—Sir James McIntosh invited Dr. Parr to take a drive in his gig. The horse became restive. "Gently, Jimmy," said the doctor, "don't irritate him; always soothe your horse, Jimmy. You'll do better without me. Let me down, Jimmy." Once on terra firma the doctor's view of the case was changed. "Now, Jimmy, touch him up. Never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up, conquer him, don't spare him—I'll walk back."

AGRICULTURAL.

Coke's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Vegetable Vision.

There is that handsome, thrifty, sturdy young fellow of a carter standing square in front of the window by which we are writing this notice of the young upstart, and so close to it that he reaches out his slender carter's fingers and dallies with the penes lovingly, with every breath that stirs his branches.

We have been watching the shift and color of the carter's young man for some time, and the more we watch him, the more we have learned from his whispered teachings, seems worth commending to carter, to carter, to carter.

One year ago, this present December day, the head of our young man's friend out there just came up level with the middle bar of our second floor seat. He has done bravely since then. Being stationed on the north side of the house, rude old Boreas has given him an excellent way, until his red head is in close contact with the red brick wall—so is it just possible that the carter's young man has been over-reckoning, seeking closer companionship

with man? However that may be, our man's friend outside has gone up wonderfully in the world during this past year—getting his head quite above us second-story people. But it is his vegetable vigor that most interests. Pushing up close to the wall as he was, the projecting brick cornice was much in his way, and being a straight-forward, determined fellow, he pushed the bricks up and out of the way with his head, though they were properly laid in strong mortar, and less than two years in position.

Is not the vigorous growth of our young wooden companion instructive? If planted in a more rapid soil, growing up through a brick side wall, he is capable of adding to his stature and putting on wood as he has done this past year, can he not do just as well or a good deal better anywhere else in the broad firm earth?

Young farmers in all regions, where timber is already scarce and growing scarcer at what ought to be an alarming rate, you will find it a paying investment to plant out trees of all the hard wood, fast-growing sorts, for yourselves, and old farmers—to advise, please, and plant out trees for your children and children's children.

PROGRESS OF VINE CULTURE. The time is not so remote in the past, but that a good many of us distinctly remember the many and often repeated conversations of pomological convocations, that these United States could never by any possibility become a vine-growing and wine-producing country, arguing when- ever argument was called for, that the conditions of soil and climate in our country were such as to preclude all such possibilities.

It was Longworth, of Oremont, said, Dr. Underhill, of Oremont Point, on the Hudson, that firm gave to the fallacy so broad and popular a contradiction that it fell flat before established facts, and hushed the raven croakings of the old time wine and vine woe-men for ever. Conversion to the easy possibility of growing vines, and producing wines quite equal to those of Europe generally—all other mountains in the way, divided to insignificant mole-hills, and the progress of vine growing has been probably more rapid than any other specialty ever embarked in by the people of this country, and they are always locomotive-like in every enterprise they undertake.

We have now growing vigorously all over the country, even as far north as the forty-second degree of latitude, vines, producing grapes equal in beauty and flavor to any that the vineyards of Europe ever gave to the palate of an epicure, and so soon as we shall have got the vines by a little wholesome practice, we shall astonish the European connoisseurs who have always religiously believed that no other grape juice under heaven could ever equal their renowned Old Hockheimer, or the Royal Tokay of Hungary.

For several years we have been manufacturing in a moderate way wines fit for any Christian to drink, but of late the enterprise is assuming a wider range—in some instances putting on proportions that makes them respectable compared with the wine industries of the Old World.

At Oakville, Canada West, a vine-growing, wine-making company have now in full bearing forty acres of vigorous vines, and will add largely to the area of their vineyard the coming spring. They have constructed during this year an outdoor vine ranch after the most approved plans of those of France, Spain, and Germany, staked up with walled and arched rows in two tiers, in which are already deposited over thirty bushels of one thousand gallons capacity each, all filled with the product of the past season's vintage. The company are building a wine cell, for next year's vintage that will contain the famous Old Tokay, of Hockheimer, exceeding it in capacity by four thousand gallons—that of the Oakville monster being forty-four thousand gallons. A Red Sea of Canadian wine. What name will they give it?

more cheaper than had run; we shall gradually become a wine-drinking people, and in less than a quarter of a century from this date, a drunken revel among us will be as rare a sight as a white cow.

FARM MILLS.

The foundation of portable farm mills dates the first one was introduced to the public, but only been equalled by those of course and waiting machines. So very many farmers have been actually "sold" by what was warranted to be "just the thing" for grinding everything the farmer has to grind, that it is not a mile strange that intelligent farmers of the present day really object to being sold again by any sort of a mill.

Now as a really good, portable mill is one of the undeniable necessities of every well-regulated farm, somebody ought to invent, put together and publish that universal desideratum. And another thing. As no farmer, whatever be his circumstances, will purchase adulterated, cracked bone, as course as chert, at extravagant prices, provided he can procure dust or flour of bone, and as it is a poor policy for any farmer to purchase bone fertilizers, having cart-loads of bones "lying around loose" on his premises, if he can find an efficient, portable mill that will work up his old bones satisfactorily, and also do his other ordinary farm grinding.

This desideratum, the *Bogardus Bone Mill*, for sale, we think, by F. C. Bogardus, of Philadelphia, will accomplish better than any other machine ever invented. We have watched carefully the performance of four of the mills, and being an expert in that sort of machinery, we shall say honestly if we had bones and grain to grind, we would sooner pay \$500 for one of these Bogardus mills, than \$5 for any other we have any knowledge of.

It is compact, strong, and durable. A No. 3 mill, calculated for two-horse power, weighs about 600 pounds, costs \$315, and will grind a barrel of dust out of any raw, unburned, or boiled bones in from twelve to twenty minutes. By changing grinding plates, which can be done in about five minutes, the mill will chop grain for feed, grind corn and cob together, and perform other valuable services.

By clumping together, a community of farmers, living remote from mill and market, could purchase one of these \$315 size mills, manufacture all their old bones into capital dust, do up their grinding all round, and no one feel the outlay.

RECIPTS.

Original.

CORNACK KIDNEY.

Times named from the fashion the Cornacks of the Don have of preparing them. I have been a Cornack these four years, and intend to remain such on the Kidney question.

Take kidneys, either pigs, lambs or calves; five pounds ten minutes, then change the water and boil twenty. Cut the kidneys so that they can be opened like a clam or a hinged tobacco-box. Remove the interior skin, and scoop out a cavity of a table-spoonful capacity. Fill this with any composition stuffing you like best, neatly highly seasoned. Onions, if you are fond of them, are excellent as an ingredient. Close the kidney, stitch it together, and inclose it in a short-sleeved cloth, tied out this, just as you make apple-dumplings. Line a deep, dripping-pan with shortened crust, lay in the kidneys, and in among them potatoes sliced thin, bits of sweet fat pork cut like wafers; lay on any savory herbs you prefer—green parsley is best; nearly fill the pan with water, lay over a thin crust covering, and bake slowly an hour and a half. Kidneys "done up" thus are delicious.

Selected.

APPLE PIE.—Fill a pudding dish with pared and cored apples—the tart baking apple; fill each hole of the apple with good brown sugar; cut very thinly the oily part of the rind of two lemons; then cut it into narrow strips, and lay on the top of the apples; squeeze the juice of the lemons into a cup and add a little cold water; pour this over the apples, and sprinkle over more sugar, quite thickly; then cover the whole with a nice puff paste, and bake it rather slowly one hour; serve hot. Peaches are very nice done in the same way, with the stones left in and only pared, but no lemon, and very little water as they make their own juice.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Prepare a paste as for boiled dumplings; only instead of one large one, make several small ones; avoid lapping the paste, as much as possible, after the fruit is introduced; butter the pan in which they are baked, to prevent their sticking; lay the folded side down; bake three-quarters of an hour; serve hot; eaten with cream.

BAKED BLACKBERRY DUMPLINGS.—They are prepared precisely as the apple; cranberries are also very nice, only the cranberries must be partially stewed and cooled before putting into the paste. Peaches are very nice, prepared as the apple.

FRUIT CRUTCH.—Boil six good-sized mealy white potatoes, pare and mash them through a colander; add a tea-spoon of sweet cream, and a little salt; stir in four eggs enough to make them stiff, and to roll out; work it as little as possible; if properly made this is an excellent paste; it must be rolled rather thicker than ordinary paste; it is excellent for pop-pie, or any kind of boiled dumplings. In boiling dumplings great care is necessary, first to have a nice stout cloth, which must be kept exclusively for the purpose, washed and well floured before the dumplings are put in, and tied tightly. The pot of water boiling when the pudding is put in, and a bottle of boiling water ready to pour it as the water evaporates, and not allowed to remain in the water a moment after it is cooked; served hot.

YOLK PUFF.—Roll off a nice puff paste, about the eighth of an inch in thickness; then with a tin cutter, the size of the dish intended to lay the puff on, cut out an oblong shape; lay this on a baking plate with a sheet of white paper beneath the paste; roll the paste over with the yolk of an egg; then roll out another piece of paste an inch in thickness; cut this also with the tin cutter the same size as the other; lay this on the other piece of paste, then with a cutter two sizes smaller, press nearly through the two pieces of paste in the centre; be careful not to cut entirely through the bottom of the paste; rub the top with the yolk of an egg; bake it in a quick oven twenty minutes, a light brown color; when cooked take out very carefully the centre piece made by the small cutter; keep the paste under a glass for table; then fill in the centre with nicely flavoured chicken, ham, or stoned oysters, or nicely minced seasoned veal; then lay on the top piece, and serve hot.

THE RIDDLE.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 16, 17, 2, 27, 5, 5, is a person of royal blood.
My 7, 23, 24, 26, 30, 3, 14, 7, is one of the greatest Generals that the world has ever produced.
My 27, 2, 18, 2, is a town in Italy.
My 20, 2, 4, is one of the Generals in the late war.
My 21, 2, 12, 25, 4, is a gift's name.
My 6, 22, 27, 1, 2, 4, 12, is an article in a soldier's outfit.
My 16, 14, 17, 7, 26, 10, 25, 12, 15, is a musical instrument.
My 27, 2, 26, 30, is an article used in the erection of a building.
My 2, 20, 4, 17, 2, 15, 19, 4, is a man's name.
My whole is one of the most important acts during the late Presidency. C. H. W. H.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 21, 30, 6, is what drunkards are sometimes called.
My 16, 18, 15, is a liquor.
My 11, 5, 3, 9, is a measure for cloth.
My 19, 5, 4, 22, 7, 6, 14, is where horses and cows are sometimes kept.
My 19, 16, 5, 17, 30, is an instrument of music.
My 22, 2, 3, 3, 12, is one of the nine digits.
My 1, 10, 8, is made from pine.
My 2, 14, 8, 15, 2, 15, is what the sky is sometimes called.
My whole is a paper published in one of the eastern cities. T. M. D.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in speed, but not in run.
My second is in birth, but not in fun.
My third is in weep, but not in sob.
My fourth is in pain, but not in daub.
My fifth is in hat, but not in cap.
My sixth is in sleep, but not in nap.
My seventh is in wren, but not in crow.
My eighth is in reap, but not in sow.
My ninth is in gold, but not in tin.
My tenth is in nose, but not in chin.
My eleventh is in run, but not in walk.
My twelfth is in laugh, but not in talk.
My thirteenth is in dull, but not in flea.
My fourteenth is in bear, but not in flea.
My fifteenth is in store, but not in pan.
My whole was an American statesman. R. H. G.

Double Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city of Belgium.
A small but famous island of the Mediterranean.
A large manufacturing town of Massachusetts.
A species of earth.
A large city of Portugal celebrated for its wines.
A western state.
My initials and finals form two colors.
Cincinnati, O. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the axis of the maximum ellipse, that can be inscribed in a semi-ellipse whose base is 80 feet, and height 10 feet.
WALTER SIVELY.
An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A fish was caught whose tail weighed 18 pounds; his head weighed as much as his tail and half his body; and his body weighed as much as his head and tail together. What was the weight of the fish?
W. G. T.
An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the least integral cube number such, that the last four figures shall all be alike.
GILL BATES.
An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Q. Why should the highest apple on a tree be a good one? A.—Because it's a tip-top apple.
Q. Why is the punishment of the birch practiced by some pedagogues? A.—Because they are of opinion that it makes dull boys smart.
Q. Which is the most profitable of all businesses? A.—The shoe, for every pair is sold before it is finished.
Q. Why is the correspondence of the Southern slaves like the shanks? A.—Because it's a favor a negro question.
Q. Who are the best pen-holders? A.—Editors!

Answers to Last.

HOLIDAY ENIGMA.—A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the editors of the Post. ENIGMA.—Succotash. CHARADE.—Carnival. (Carnal, Now, Fe, Light.) DOUBLE REBUS.—Emerald and diamond. (Edward, Emerald, Ede, room, Arno, London, ded.)

Answer to question from Young's Algebra, published Oct. 7.

Artemus Martin and Morgan Stevens.

A friend looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one of the leading lawyers: "Has been accused of poisoning husbands." Another writing in manuscript wrote under: "Has been tried and acquitted."